

illustrated by Claire Pound



Cinderella



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Enchanted
Tales

About the story

THE ENCHANTED TALE OF CINDERELLA originated in China in the 9th century AD.

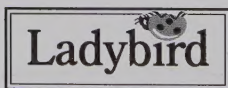
Since then, it has become the best-known fairy tale in the world. There are more than 700 different versions of the story, in many languages.

The most famous version is Charles Perrault's retelling, first published in 1697. He created the pumpkin coach, the glass slipper and the fairy godmother.

The Brothers Grimm also retold the story in the early 19th century. In their version, the stepsisters cut off their toes to try to make the slipper fit, and their eyes are pecked out by birds at Cinderella's wedding.

This delightful retelling by Linda Jennings reflects much of the original theme, in which true love wins out over injustice and selfishness.

This book belongs to



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Cinderella



a traditional tale
retold by Linda Jennings
illustrated by Claire Pound

ONCE THERE WAS A GIRL
WHO WAS GOOD AND HONEST,
AND AS BEAUTIFUL AS A PRINCESS.



Her clothes were always covered in cinders
and so she became known as CINDERELLA.
As time passed, even she forgot her real name.

She had two lazy stepsisters,

GRETA and GERTIE.



They made Cinderella do all the dirtiest household chores and did nothing to help.

“Cinderella is so lazy!”
they said, pretending
they did all the work.



One day an invitation arrived by royal messenger. It invited all three girls to a grand ball at the palace!



"It's in three days time!" cried Greta. "And they say the prince is looking for a bride. He'll choose **ME**, of course!"

"YOU!"

sneered Gertie.

"Not with that spotty face! No, he'll choose me, because of my fair-looking skin."

"It's just like dishwater!" retorted Greta.

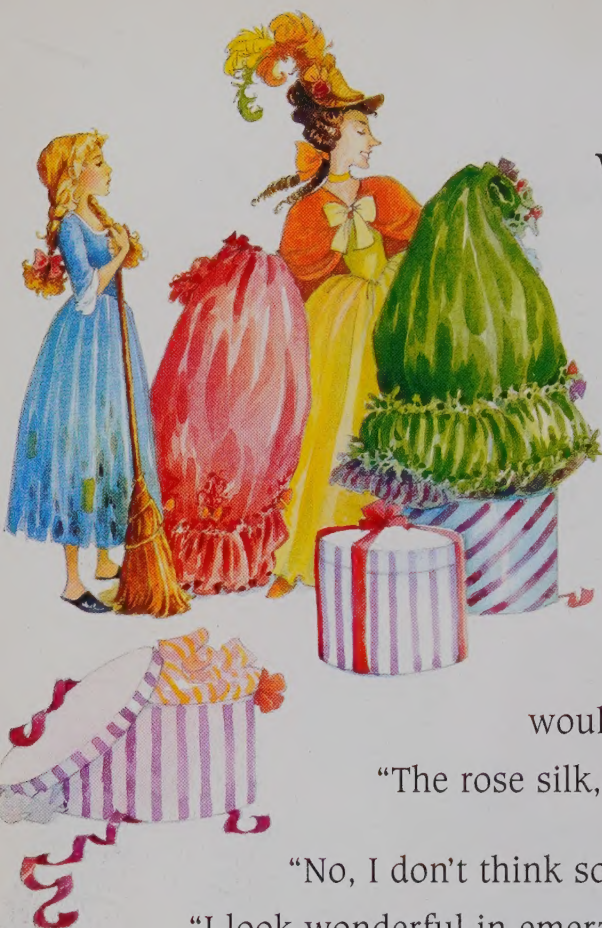


"Please may I see the invitation?" asked Cinderella.

"Of course not," said Greta. "You can't go to a ball in that dirty dress."

Cinderella sighed. It was true. She had nothing else to wear.





While Cinderella was scrubbing and sweeping, Greta and Gertie went shopping. They came home with their arms full of dresses. Gertie asked Cinderella which dress would suit her best.

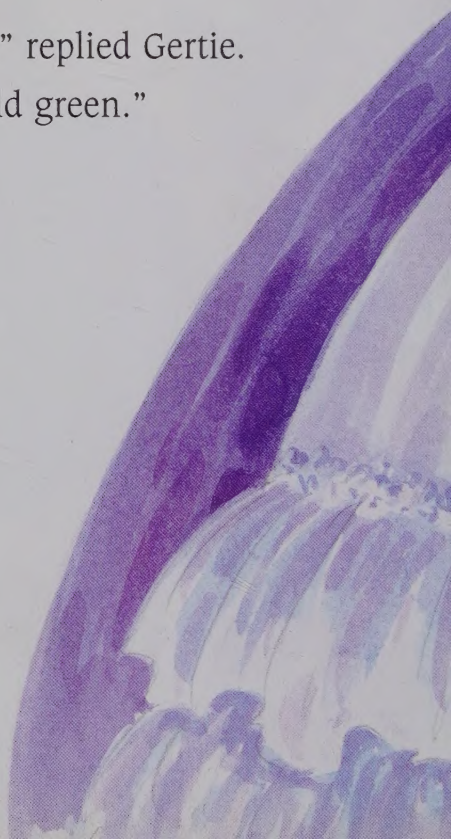
“The rose silk,” said Cinderella.

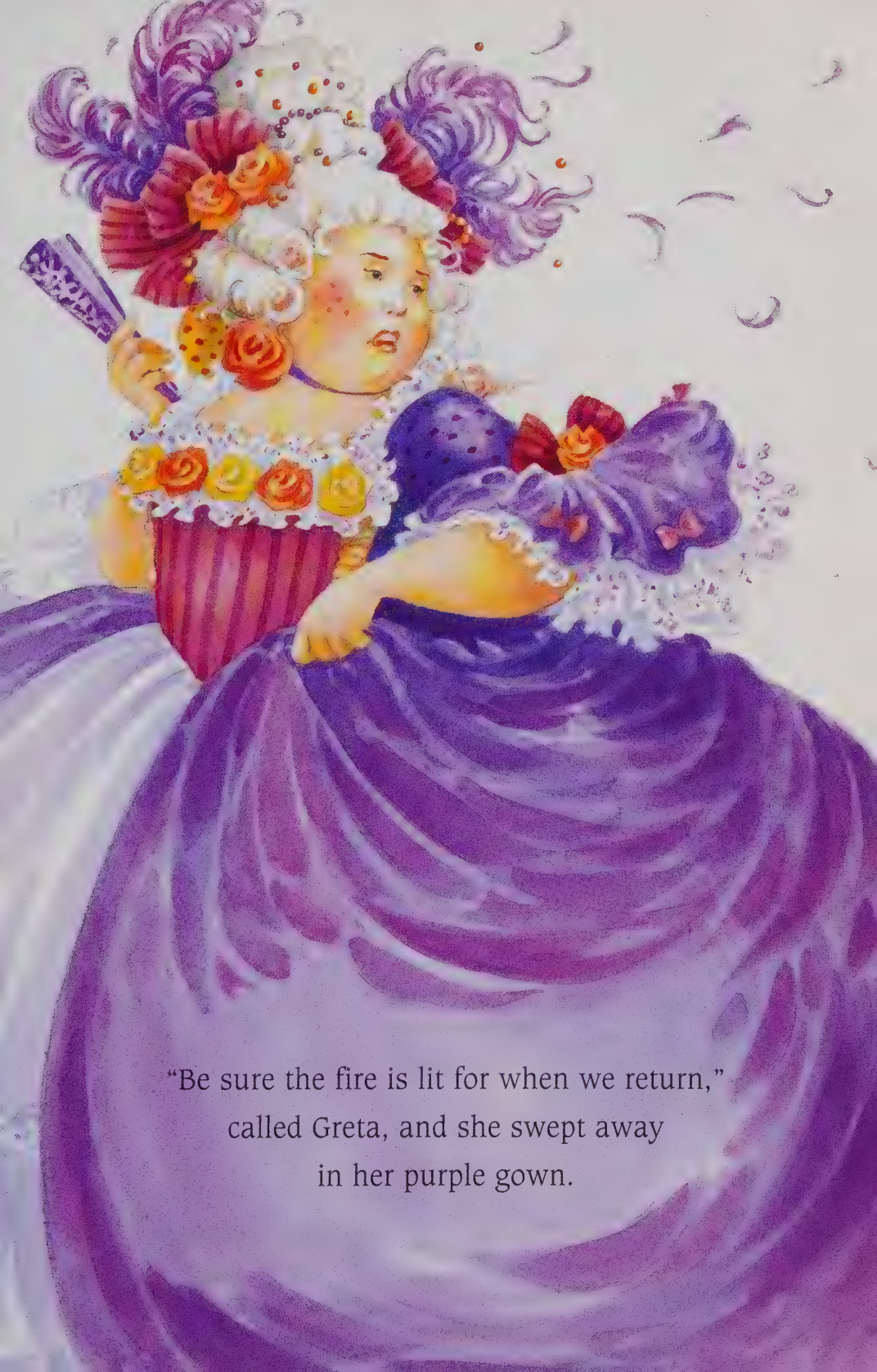
“No, I don’t think so,” replied Gertie.

“I look wonderful in emerald green.”

At last the night of the ball arrived, and Gertie and Greta got ready to leave.

Cinderella watched them with a heavy heart.





“Be sure the fire is lit for when we return,”
called Greta, and she swept away
in her purple gown.

Cinderella returned to the kitchen and sat wearily by the fire. Tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Oh, I do wish I was going too," she sobbed.

As Cinderella spoke, something sparkled in the shadows. She turned round, and suddenly there was a brilliant

FLASH!

There before her
stood a beautiful
woman.

"Don't cry, Cinderella,"
said the woman gently.
"For you **SHALL**
go to the ball!"



I am your FAIRY GODMOTHER



and, as you know, all fairy godmothers grant wishes!"

“But how can I go to the ball in this dirty dress?” asked Cinderella.

“That’s no problem,” said the fairy, smiling. She took out a little gold wand. “Now close your eyes and open them when I say so.”

*She waved the wand...
there was another brilliant FLASH.*

A golden wand with a red bow is shown at the bottom left, emitting a large, radiant burst of golden sparks and stars that fills the right side of the page. The text is written in a cursive font within the spark area.

“Now you may look,” she said.

Cinderella opened her eyes and gazed down.
Gone was her dirty blue dress. In its place
was a beautiful gown, with...



On her feet, she wore little glass slippers.

Cinderella could hardly believe it! She felt she
was in a wonderful dream.

“Next,” said her fairy godmother, “you will
need a coach and horses.”

Before Cinderella knew what was happening,
her fairy godmother walked outside and
waved her wand again.

WHOOSH!



Six little mice became proud prancing horses.

A pumpkin was transformed into a golden coach, frogs were changed into coachmen and a fine rat became the driver.



Cinderella was ready for the ball!

"How can I thank you enough?" she asked.

"It's what fairy godmothers are for," replied the fairy. "But, remember, leave the palace before **MIDNIGHT**, for then the magic will disappear in the twinkling of an eye."





Inside the palace,
the prince was bored. So many young
ladies, yet so little beauty! As for those two
graceless creatures in emerald and purple,



they were following
him everywhere,
grinning and
winking! Then
CINDERELLA
entered the room...

She was the most beautiful girl he had ever
seen! He walked quickly towards her and
asked her name.

"I cannot say," whispered Cinderella,
blushing. How could she tell the prince that
she was named after the cinders in the grate?

The prince took her in his arms and led her to
the dance floor. And he danced with no one
else all evening.

Cinderella was having a wonderful time.

She whirled and swirled round the ballroom with the handsome prince.



one
two
three
four
five
six
seven
eight
nine
ten
eleven

Soon the clock began
to strike midnight.



Cinderella remembered
her fairy godmother's warning.

"I must go," she cried. She broke away
from the prince and ran. In her haste,
she dropped one of her glass slippers
on the staircase.

"But I don't know who
you are!" the prince
called after her.

"What is your
name?"



TWELVE!

As the last stroke of midnight faded,
Cinderella reached the palace gate.



The golden coach became
a pumpkin again, surrounded by frogs,
six mice and a rat. Cinderella looked down
at her dingy dress, then she walked
sadly home in the starlight.

Back at the palace, everyone was talking about the beautiful girl who had vanished so mysteriously.

But the prince had found Cinderella's slipper on the staircase. It was his only hope.



"I shall send my courtiers to seek out every girl in the land," he said. "The girl whose foot fits this slipper shall be my bride. But it must fit exactly." The prince knew that some girls would be so desperate to be a princess that they would even chop off their toes!

So off went the courtiers to all
corners of the land...



At last they reached the house
where Cinderella lived.

Greta and Gertie couldn't wait to try on the slipper. "Ooh, me first, me first," giggled Greta. She put it on, but the slipper barely covered her toes.

"Look, it fits **ME!**"

said Gertie, trying to
squeeze her foot
into the slipper.



"Nò, it doesn't,"
snapped the courtier.

"Watch out, you nearly broke it!"

Cinderella peeped
into the room.

“Go away, Cinders,”
cried Greta. “The
slipper won’t fit you!
It’s far too small!”

“But she must try it,”
insisted the courtier.
“The prince said
every girl in the land.”

So Cinderella tried
on the slipper...





It fitted PERFECTLY!

Greta and Gertie
stared in disbelief.

“How could it be Cinders?”
they cried. “She didn’t go to the ball.”



Cinderella was taken straight to the royal palace, where the prince recognised her at once, despite her shabby clothes. No matter that her face was dirty he still loved her, and knew that she was good and beautiful. That was what mattered.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.



CINDERELLA SMILED AT HIM
AND NODDED. SHE WAS
TOO HAPPY TO SPEAK.

About the illustrator

CLAIRE POUND lives in a small market town in Buckinghamshire with her partner. She began illustrating books for children after leaving Camberwell College of Art in 1988, and fairy tales are among her favourite subjects. In her spare time, Claire likes to go to dancing classes or for walks in the countryside.

About the storyteller

LINDA JENNINGS has been a children's book editor and author for many years, publishing over forty children's books. She now works as a picture book editor and for a literary agent.

Linda lives in Islington, North London, with her five cats. In her spare time, she enjoys film-going, reading and music.

Enter a world of imaginary places, beautiful princesses and magical beasts where true love always wins the day.
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